

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

It is Displacing the Steam Engine in Many Instances.

New examples of the tendency to replace steam engines by electric motors are daily coming to public notice. Only recently it was announced that the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia had substituted electric motors on the main floor of the factory, with the further announcement that the managers proposed to introduce electric power in all the departments as soon as the economy of the change should be demonstrated. Now the Maryland Steel Company has followed suit by deciding to make use of electric motors in place of steam engines in its extensive works at Sparrows Point. The acting superintendent of the electrical department states that it is the intention to utilize electrical power a great deal more in the future than in the past in running the motors in the shops and for other purposes. All the small engines will be taken out, and the electrical power substituted. This, the superintendent claims, will be a saving to the company. In running by steam, he says, the loss by condensation in the great number of pipes is very heavy. The substitution of electricity will do away with about 25 engines, varying from 25 to 50 horse power. The change will be made at once. In the case of a large factory where a single engine was employed to drive many machines, it was found by recent experiment that not more than 10 per cent. of the initial force was made effective, the remainder being used in dragging the heavy belts around pulleys and turning shafts that labored in their efforts to resist the strain of the belts. That single engine has now been replaced by several small and high-speed ones aggregating 250 horse power, and the energy is taken from them in the shape of electricity directly to the machines, each machine being run by a separate motor. All of the overhead network of shafts, wheels and belts has been done away with, with the consequence, aside from the saving of the coal pile, that instead of a dark and dirty room the main shop has become a clean, well-ventilated and well-lighted room.—New York Evening Post.

Is Mars Inhabited?

There is one discovery that was made during the last year which seems opposed to the otherwise strongly supported hypothesis of a close resemblance between Mars and the earth. It relates to Mars' atmosphere. The great English spectroscopist, Huggins, the famous Italian astronomer Secchi, and more recently the indefatigable German observer Vogel, have all put on record their belief, based upon studies of the spectrum of Mars, that that planet possesses an atmosphere resembling the earth's, and containing the important element of aqueous vapor. Vogel, indeed, went so far as to say, about ten years ago, that "it is definitely settled that Mars has an atmosphere whose composition does not differ appreciably from ours, and especially the Martian atmosphere must be rich in aqueous vapor."

More recent observations have appeared to confirm those of Vogel. But now comes Prof. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, employing some of the most powerful and perfect spectroscopic apparatus in existence, and shows that, so far as the spectroscopy is able to inform us, there is no evidence whatever of the existence of a Martian atmosphere containing watery vapor, or even that Mars has any atmosphere at all! His observations, made in June, July and August of 1894, show that the sunlight reflected to us from the surface of Mars undergoes no perceptible absorption surrounding the planet, and that the lines in Mars' spectrum which other observers had ascribed to the absorptive effects of its atmosphere are really due to absorption by the atmosphere of the earth.

Prof. Campbell's observations do not entirely dispose of the supposed atmosphere of Mars. They simply indicate, as he has himself pointed out, a superior limit to the extent of such an atmosphere. He thinks that if Mars had an atmosphere one-fourth as extensive as the earth's, he would have detected its existence. Against the conclusion that Mars has no atmosphere and no aqueous vapor stands the unquestioned existence of the white polar caps of the planet, waxing and waning with the seasons. As to this Prof. Campbell says: "While I believe that the polar caps on Mars are conclusive evidence of an atmosphere and aqueous vapor, I do not consider that they exist in sufficient quantity to be detected by the spectroscopy."

In other words, Mars does not possess an extensive atmosphere, but it may have one about one-quarter as extensive as ours. Does such a fact preclude the supposition that Mars is a habitable world? Hardly; for although we should die like fish thrown out of water if three-fourths of the atmosphere were suddenly withdrawn from the earth, yet it is plain that beings resembling ourselves and our contemporaries in the animal kingdom would require comparatively slight adaptations of structure to enable them to live in an atmosphere no more extensive than that which the spectroscopy yet allows to the planet Mars.—Harper's Weekly.

An Odd Temperance Society.

The oddest temperance society in the world is the abstaining commune of Achlyka, in Siberia, all of whose members are strict teetotalers every day in the year except one. Regularly on the first day of September, year after year, all the adult members of the commune assemble in the parish church, and every one takes a solemn vow before the altar to drink no wine, beer or spirits "from the morrow" of the following day for a whole year. The clause "from the morrow" is introduced in order to give them a reward for their virtues in the shape of a whole day of drunken carnival. As soon as they leave the church they begin to indulge in a horrible Bacchanalian drinking, which continues throughout the day, until neither man nor woman in the village is sober. This is naturally followed by considerable physical suffering, and then by mental remorse, whereupon the penitent parish enters upon its twelvemonth of model sobriety, and all live like Rechabites.

The Fire Cure.

The native doctors of India practice a peculiar system known as "firing." Afflicted persons, no odds what the disease may be, are immediately upon arrival of the family physician, subjected to the torture of fire. A late report by a medical authority declares that there is not one to the thousand of total population in Bombay and the larger cities generally, who does not bear trace of the application of the fire cure in the shape of hideous scars on the head, back, stomach, feet or limbs.

HE WON THE JURY.

A Case in Which Sympathy Was Not Well Applied.

"One time, when I and some other lawyers were engaged in defending a prisoner charged with murder," said the venerable Thomas S. Grady, "Judge Shope was among those employed on the side of the prosecution. We made a very vigorous effort to get our man's head away from the halter, and our chances seemed fair enough until Shope addressed the jury. He didn't seem to make much of an impression at first; they listened rather coolly and indifferently to his arguments, but all at once a circumstance arose that somehow turned things in his favor. While he was speaking a messenger boy entered the court room and handed him a telegram, which, still continuing his address to the jury, he mechanically, as it were, tore open. Suddenly, as he glanced at the message, his eyes dilated and stared intently at the words before him. Then his voice faltered and broke, his breath came and went in short gasps, his chest heaved and fell with deep emotion, and, turning his fearful eyes on the jury, he said in almost sobbing tones:

"Excuse me, gentlemen; I fear I cannot go on with my address. I have just received the mournful news of the death of a dear friend, one who has been of most material benefit to me in my profession and whose demise leaves a sorrowful gap that none can ever fill. Excuse me, I beg of you; I am utterly unnerved and broken down at this sad calamity."

"Some members of the jury respectfully expressed their regret and kindly urged him to continue his address, and he did so. The result was, sir, that he won the entire sympathy of that jury, and they returned a verdict of guilty against my unfortunate client, who was consequently sent to the penitentiary for life."

"When the trial was over somebody picked up the telegram that had so opportunely come into the hands of the able advocate and through which he so successfully wrought upon the feelings of the jury. It simply contained the favorite expression of a character in one of Charles Reade's novels, the old soldier in 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' which expression is: 'Have courage, friend; the devil is dead.'"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Why Children Lie.

At a meeting of teachers in Boston a discussion arose over the characteristic defects of the school children. It was asserted that the girls were more given to deception than the boys, and the boys were rougher and had more careless and dirty habits than the girls. Also, that the inclination of the girls to deception arose largely from vanity. This suggests a line of thought that may be worth consideration. Why do children lie? At the outset the child has no settled idea of the right and wrong of the truth and the lie. It is simply easier and more natural to tell the truth, but it seems wrong in the other course. It results being deceived as a personal injury and not as a moral wrong. How, then, do children come to lie?

Probably the first effective force that acts, logically at least, is fear. Lying from fear must be met by loving kindness and confidence. The child must feel protected and trusted, safe in the truth. The next motive may be called, for the present purpose, vanity. It begins its work before the child can talk and is cultivated by all the art of the inconsiderate parent. Praise and show are the outward objects, while the negative or infernal force comes from the shame over inferiority and possibly an indisposition to yield, or stubbornness. Other forces are pride and a spirit of rivalry; a desire to excel, a love of leadership. Greed is a very low, animal motive that leads to some lying. It is inner and lower force is in the appetite, in a desire to possess; negatively, a lack of generosity, of sympathy. Its outward source springs from need; it is born of deprivation. Another fruitful source of lying is imitation. Their parents and mates use the conventional lies before them without explanation even before an explanation could be understood and the dividing line is indistinct. Besides this, unfortunately and criminally, the parents lie to the children and permit others to do so. They do this to "save trouble."—Milwaukee Journal.

"Jimmy" Logue—A Born Criminal.

Mary Logue, the terrified wife of a drunkard and the penitent mother of a thief, is likely to become famous all over the world. She is dead, but a letter left by her is one of the most remarkable contributions to the pathology of crime found in the annals. This poor mother acknowledges herself responsible for her son's moral perversity. He has lived a life of wrong-doing, and his mother ascribes it to ante-natal influences. She says:

"I found it very hard to get any money for my husband for our bread and meat. At last it got so hard that the only way I could get his money was by waiting until he was asleep at night and taking his pockets. Many and many a night I have got up when he was asleep in the bed by my side and like a thief gone through his pockets and taken what money I found there. Then he had a hot temper, and I was always afraid when I was picking his pockets he would awake and find me doing it. Thus I went through all the brain sensations of a daring burglar, even such as I am informed you have become. Shortly after that you were born, and I firmly believe you came into the world a thief owing to that crime-like, though necessary practice of mine."

She signs herself "your affectionate mother." The intelligence, gentleness and affectionateness shown by the letter are proof conclusive that in her a good woman was wrecked. Her warning will be little heeded; there is small hope of a very general reformation; but the letter suggests grave consideration in pedagogy. If prevention of such causes may not be had, the consequences may have to be met by perhaps less severe punishment but an extension of the scope of institutions for the care of hereditary criminals.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Bananas We Eat.

There were 17,864,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year. Jamaica, Cuba, Honduras and Colombia supply most of the fruit, and its transportation has become an important item in the business of various steamship companies. It is within the easy memory of people of middle age when a banana was a great rarity. But now, unquestionably, the consumption of this one tropical fruit in this country has become large enough to affect to some extent the demand upon the wheat supply.

MODERN GAMES ALL OLD.

We Are Still Playing Those Invented by the Ancients Long Ago.

Few of the hundreds of new games that are invented every year become popular. They may be seen in any toy store by the score—lawn games and parlor games, games of cards and games of ball, games for young and for old. They are a melancholy sight, for not one of them will ever take the place of the old stand-bys of infancy and boyhood. Even the names of most of them will never be heard of by the majority of American boys and girls. This is the logic of history.

It seems an easy matter to invent a game; the best games are so simple—yet a popular game was never yet invented. Every one of them has grown, and the best of them have been growing for hundreds of years. Scientific men tell us that all sorts of queer creatures once lived on this earth—great lizards, with wings; sea monsters, half whale, half seal, and rhinoceroses larger than elephants. All these have died away, because they were not fitted to live, while some animals that were fit for life have seen an growing better and better, till some—like horses, for instance—we could not do without. It is just so with games. Those that are fit to live, and the rest die.

Our best games form a sort of aristocracy; their pedigrees run back to very ancient times and no modern upstart can compete with them. Take baseball and cricket, for instance—probably the most popular outdoor games of modern times—the one in our own country, the other in England. They are first cousins and their hold on American and English boys is in all probability due to the fact that they each unite two strong lines of descent—that of the bat and ball games—to which tennis, lacrosse, hockey, croquet, and, more distantly, billiards, also belong, and that of the goal games, such as tag, puss-in-the-corner, I spy, and dozens of others. All these nations we know anything about had bat and ball games ages ago. Nobody invented the bat and ball; they grew up with our civilization from the time when little savages used to knock about a pebble or a fruit with a stick. So with the goal games—they have always been popular. Their name is still legion. The goal part (that is, the running from base to base) is a much more important part of the game in baseball than it is in cricket, and for this reason we Americans are justified in looking upon baseball as the better game, all other things being equal. To be sure, neither baseball nor cricket is the game it was 300 years ago, but both have grown, not changed.

Any one who chooses may trace the growth of cricket from the year 1200. It is not so easy to trace the pedigree of baseball, for just as with a great many American families, there is a break in the record back in colonial times. It is known to have been played by the Indians. It is a thoroughly American game, and no one loves it less because some people claim rounders as its ancestor and others reject the claim with scorn.

As for indoor games, we may prove their nobility in just the same way. Chess comes down to us from the ancient Hindoos, by way of Persia. Checkers were played in Egypt, and then in Greece and Rome. Cards made their appearance in Europe in 1350, and the Chinese say that they used them two centuries earlier than this. Ten pins was certainly played in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. All these have grown, but they have not changed their nature.

Lawn tennis is only an offshoot of the old game of court tennis, said to have been brought into Gaul by Roman soldiers and still played. Again only a growth, not a new device. There is halma—only a variation of the old pyramid game of checkers. How about parchesi? The pompous title, "A Royal Game of India," inscribed on the old parchesi board is often thought to have been only an advertising dodge, but it was quite true. Parchesi, called by the Hindoos pachisi, is widely played in Asiatic countries, and the Spanish explorers first found the Aztecs playing it under the name of patolli, in Mexico, whether it may have been carried across the Pacific.

These and many other instances are worth thinking over deeply for they teach a lesson. If any one is tired of the old games and wants something a little different, let him alter the old in the direction of growth rather than try to invent something quite different. The most successful inventors of games have followed this rule. Indeed, it is more than a rule—it is a law of nature. You might as well try to please the human palate with food made out of sand and sawdust; as to force boy or man to get enjoyment out of a game that does not contain the old, well-tried game elements.—New York World.

About Suffrage Women.

A North Dakota woman writes the following letter to the Woman's Journal: "I know from years of experience something about the injustice of the laws, especially with reference to the rights of property. Ten years ago I came with my husband to the wilds of Dakota and took up my abode in a sod shanty, and went to work with him to build up a new home on the prairie, 15 miles from town or railroad. During the eight years following I worked indoors and out, to save the extra expense of hired help; I bought prairie fires spring and fall, until ready to drop with exhaustion, to save our property from destruction; worked half the night at times, from midnight till morning, helping to make 'smudges' to keep the frost away from the ripening grain; faced blizzards that strong men did not care to combat, in order to reach the barn and feed and water the farming stock, while my husband was caught and detained in the storm; cooked each summer and fall for harvesters and threshers; made and sold hundreds of pounds of butter; raised chickens and sent bushels of eggs to market each year, and in fact did everything and economized in every way as only a farmer's wife can, to help ride over the bad years of drouth and frost, and save our land from the greedy maw of the mortgage company, which would certainly have devoured a part of it had it not been for this help. All this time I endured all the inconveniences connected with the making of a new home, together with the dangers and privations of pioneer life. And now I have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that my husband owes a whole section of fine, fertile land in this beautiful new Northwest, free from debt, while in law I do not possess a single foot, nor can I say to whom it shall belong when I am gone. We are childless."

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